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O D E

LENNOX (Charles) 1st

To His GRACE the

Duke of RICHMOND:

Occasion'd by his being Elected

G O V E R N O R

O F T H E

Company of MINE-ADVENTURERS

I N T H E

Principality of WALES.

— Fas Numine vestro
Pandere res altâ Terrâ, & Caligine mersas. Vir.



L O N D O N :

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A N
O D E
To his G R A C E the
Duke of *RICHMOND*.



H A L L then the distant *INDIAN* Coast,
Around the World her Wealth convey ;
And *BRITAIN* that has more to boast,
Hide all her Riches from the Day ?

Oh *RICHMOND* let thy skilful Hand,
Unknown before some Art devise ;
And teach us by thy (a) Mystic Wand
Where all her sacred Treasure lies.

What tho' *BRITANNIA*'s Blushing Isle,
Resolv'd no other Eye shou'd view ;
The kind consenting *Nymph* shall smile
To open all her Stores to You.

Thus when a Thousand Youths had try'd
In vain to win the *Græcian* Dame ;
She cou'd no more her Passion hide,
When *PARIS* sigh'd, and own'd his Flame.

No more shall Heaven's indulgent Coast,
Lamenting, of her Fate complain,
That all her Costly *MINES* are lost,
And all her Riches shine in vain.

(a) *Virgula* —, *Divinans* : said to be used in discovering the Beds of Oar.

Be it thy Care what Wealth she keeps
Oh *RICHMOND*, fairer to display;
That in her Hills what Treasure sleeps,
May Glow and Glitter to the Day.

Our (*b*) *Andes* then shall Rivals rise
To those on *India's* Soyl that grow ;
Their Tops as high above the *Skies*,
As fraught with Wealth, their Wombs below.

Those Regions *ROME* cou'd never Tame
From whence Her Eagles she withdrew ;
Those Hills that scorn'd Great *JULIUS* Fame,
Their vanquish'd Strength submit to You.

Another (*c*) *CÆSAR* Thou hast found
Wallia by kinder Fate decreed ;
Whose Steel must give thy Breast a Wound
And cut Thy Veins ——— but not to bleed.

What Wealth each vanquish'd Empire bore,
Let other Victors proudly claim :
Thine but subdue, to leave Thee more,
And conquer but to give Thee Fame.

Oh clasp these Heroes to thy Breast,
No more Thy Wealth and Fame forgoe ;
They come, altho' like Warriors drest,
Thy kindest Lovers not thy Foe ;

They come, thy Glories to unfold ;
And teach the World from *Wallia's* Mines,
That (*d*) *Plata's* Dust, and (*e*) *Chyli's* Gold
Is scarce the fairest Oar that shines.

Our Seas shall speak thy Praise aloud,
Thy Riches own, and Aid implore ;
Whose Hills shall now supply that Cloud,
Through which our Thunders are to roar.

Such Trophies yet from off the Main
Aided by Thee, our Fleets shall bring,
As *BERKLET's* Sword is fit to Gain ;
And (*f*) *BURCHET's* Voice is fit to sing.

What Realm can now thy Worth deride,
Or Rival to thy Glories stand ;
Whose Rocks refell the raging Tide,
Whose Mines secure the guarded Land ?

(*b*) A vast Ridge of Mountains in *Chili* and *Peru*, running *North* and *South* along the Coast of the Sea.

(*c*) Sir *Cæsar Child*, one of the Honourable Assistants of the Company.

(*d*) A vast River in *South America* ; emptying it self into the *Atlantick* Ocean, in 35 Degrees of *South* Latitude.

(*e*) A rich Country in *South America*.

(*f*) See his admirable Memoirs of the most remarkable Transactions at Sea, &c.

Thy



Thy barren Cliffs shall rise no more,
Of scornful Eyes, the low Disdain ;
Hiding beneath their Shades an Oar
That awes the Earth, controuls the Main.

Let other Realms more Beauties claim,
More Charms in Heaven's Indulgence find ;
Be it thy great superior Fame,
If not to please, to awe Mankind.

Fair (g) *Ariconium's* fruitful Vale,
Her (h) *Loga's* Stream, and *Vaga's* Shoar,
Shall smile unfung, and each avail
To tempt the Poet's Voice no more.

Altho' each Eye her Beauty fills,
With Wonders which thy Realm disdains,
Bid her behold thy Silver Hills,
And value *Lefs* her (i) Golden Plains.

What tho' her Glebe, and Purple Store,
With Joy each ravish'd Heart subdue ?
'Tis thy great Praise, that we adore
Thy Riches which we cannot view.

Ye *British Alps* that tow'ring stand
Aloft already 'midst the Skies ;
Tho' High, at *RICHMOND's* dread Command
Forake the Clouds and higher rise.

Ages to come, and Years untold,
Astonish'd shall demand to know,
What Strength combin'd, whose Heart was bold,
To combat first with such a Foe ?

The Fame is Thine — each *British Hill*
Tho' loft already in the Air,
Must soar, and shoot sublimer still
To make an Arm like thine Despair.

Not (k) *APPENINE*, thy Aged Brow,
By *MARO's* Muse Immortal made ;
A fairer Prospect does allow,
Or hides more Wealth beneath his Shade.

Altho' each wondring Eye to move,
His Mounts with Purple Clusters glow,
Their Tops are not so fair above,
As *WALLIA* Thine, are rich below.

(g) *Hereford.* (h) The Rivers *Wye* and *Lug* running thro' *Herefordshire*.
(i) The Golden Vale in *Herefordshire*, on the Banks of the River *Wye*.
(k) A famous Ridge of Hills that run *North* and *South* almost through the midst of *Italy*.

The Grape that smiles on *L A T I A N* Hills,
The Blast may scorch, the Sword destroy :
What Treasure thy rich Mountains fills,
Shall only with the World decay.

Thy fruitful Mines for ever grow ;
To them the Skies no Changes bring ;
Whose glittering Fields no Winters know,
But ev'ry Season is a Spring.

Each Autumn stealing from the Flower
Its Beauty, from the faded Vine
Its Purple Riches, has a Power
Still to improve, and cherish Thine.

Let other Climes, of Blasts afraid,
For all their Bloom on Heavens rely ;
Thy Harvest's spring without the Aid,
The Smiles of either Sun or Sky.

Oh *RICHMOND, BRUDNALL, LAMBERT*, All,
Who *Wallia's* Wealth and Treasures know ;
Open her bounteous Breast, and call
Her Riches forth, from Worlds below.

Oh let her Gifts no longer live
Conceal'd beneath ; the Goddess say,
That she has Millions yet to give,
Which you want Courage to enjoy.

On *INDIA's* Banks, Her Sands of Gold
Had yet been hid from *BRITISH* Eyes ;
Had no *COLUMBUS* Heart been bold,
To seek and seize the beauteous Prize.

With lavish Hand, tho' Nature threw
Her shining Dust on ev'ry Shore ;
So fair, and long expos'd to view,
No Hand wou'd touch, or Eye adore.

At last the Hero must arise,
Who' for a Fame disdains his Doom ;
And finds a World beneath those Skies,
Where Cowards fear'd to find a Tomb.

Oh let the great Example fire
Each Breast, such Glories to pursue !
Who have *like* Treasures to acquire,
Tho' not *like* Dangers to subdue.

Shall (1) *MISSISSIPPI's* Pagan Waves
Roll down in Plenty, and bestow

(1) A River in *North America* running thro' *Florida*, and falling into the Gulph of *Mexico* in 35 deg. of *North Latitude*.

Empires where e're his Current laves,
Abundance where his Water flow ?

Shall *GALLIA* own, when e'er her Eye
Smiles ravish'd with her *INDIAN* Stream,
Her antient Fame begin to Dye,
Her Triumphs not so fair a Theme ?

Shall half her Sons, her Slaves before,
Proud with the Tribute which He brings ;
Shake off their Chains, that (m) Flood adore,
Which changes Vassals into Kings ?

And shall *Britannia* kindly hold
Her Treasures forth, the (n) Branch allow,
Yet none of all her Race be bold
To reach and seize the proffer'd Bough ?

'Twas Fate, still watchful of thy Fame,
(Oh *RICHMOND*) others should decline,
That (o) Glory scorn, that Praise disclaim,
It studied shou'd be wholly thine !

Hail *ALBION*'s fairest richest Coast,
Such Patriots now thy Fame pursue,
Spain shall no more Her *INDIA* Boast,
But *WALLIA* triumph o'er *PERU*.

What tho' beneath more *Southern* Skies,
A richer Oar her Hills may hold ?
If rip'ning in thy Mountains lyes,
What can command, or sink her Gold.

No more let *BOURBON*'s Infant Son,
From fancy'd Stores his Wealth renew ;
Nor let us live in Arts outdone
By Those we still in Arms subdue !

Oh never let the vanquish'd Coast,
That oft hath dy'd at *BRITAIN*'s Name,
Fled from her Sword ; be vain, and boast
Her Wealth, superior to our Fame.

But see the Flood, (p) once *GALLIA*'s Pride
Through Golden Banks no longer strays ;
And as his Ebbing Waves subside,
His Monarch's fancy'd Wealth decays.

The sacred Dust along his Shore
Is turn'd (alas) to common Sand ;

(m) The *Mississipi*. (n) See *Virg. Aeneid*. 6. (o) The Charters of the Company. (p) The *Mississipi*.

And all the *Millions* that he bore,
Loft on a Wild and Defart Strand.

Each Penfive fad deluded Eye,
Begins the treach'rous Stream to mourn ;
Which rolling now neglected by,
Flows blushing backward to his Urn.

No more with Numerous Fleets o're-spread,
Back from his Waves, his Navies flow :
Which like their Patriot hide their Head
Or sink conceal'd in Caves below.

No more the Idol Current's Name,
Or Thine (Great *L A W*) is *Gallia's* Theme ;
Each Voice contending to defame
At once the Statesman and the Stream.

While thou fair *Island*, by the Will,
And smiles of those thy Fame devise,
Th' Indulgent Gods, shall flourish still,
While we have Earth, and They have Skies.

If then our Heav'n affords a Choice,
And Poets may their Wonders chuse ;
Why hears not *Britain* (a) *CAMPBELL'S* Voice,
And *SEWELL'S* tender moving Muse.

Shall *Phœbus* leave his *Southern* Plains,
From *Cam*, to (b) *ISLA'S* Banks retire ?
Shall *ISIS* Sons forget their Strains,
Her Waves grow dull, and (c) *TWEED* Inspire.

Our Land shall such Abundance blefs,
Each envious Heart such Patriots please ;
That by their Care we value less,
And hardly seem to want our Seas.

And sleeps thy Muse, which when inclin'd,
(d) Oh *Moore* ! to sooth the ravish'd ear ;
In murmuring Brooks no Joy we find
No Musick in the warbling Spear.

Oh may thy Harp no longer lye
Neglected, which while you Inspire,
We flight the Beauties of thy Eye,
To blefs the Sweetness of thy Lyre.

Thus *MIRA* Breathes — and as her Tongue
Each melting Heart with Passion warms,

(a) A Man that has oblig'd the World with some excellent Poems in *Mr. Hammonds late Miscellany*.

(b) A River in Scotland. (c) See *Mr. Ramsay's Poem on the South-Sea*.

(d) *J. Moore Esq;* of Worcester Coll. Oxon.

So much we heed the *Syren's* Song,
We less adore the *Virgin's* Charms.

Nor longer shall thy Heavenly Lays,
Lov'd Bard, Great *Lenox* Fame Decline,
Who claiming more, had'st all my Praise,
As (e) *ATTICUS* before had *Thine*.

In Him, with Equal Joy approve,
What thy lov'd *ROMAN* cou'd commend;
All the kind *Patriots* generous Love,
With the good Nature of the Friend.

Why (f) dearest Youth, in *BURLEIGH's* Shade,
When other Themes thy Voice require;
Is *CECIL* only happy made,
Both in thy Friendship, and thy Lyre.

Oh! Try, as *EUROPE* lives possesst
With Wonder, *ALBION's* Power to see,
If yet thy *BURLEIGH* can be blest,
With ev'ry Joy, not hearing Thee.

On *BRITAIN's* Fame to turn thy Thought,
To grace Her with thy matchless Lays,
One Moment be (g) thy Heaven Forgot;
And *GEORGE*, and (h) *PARKER* want thy Praise.

Thus shall thy Voice our Island cheer,
Tho' cold in Death thy Patriot lyes,
Nor more command the flowing Tear,
To burst from (i) *TICKELL's* grateful Eyes.

Oh *Richmond!* cou'd the Muse exchange
Her *GRÆCIAN* Springs for (k) *Deva's* Tide,
The Barren Hills, where Poets range,
For Those o'er which You now Preside;

To no feign'd Stream she then wou'd owe,
No fabled God, Her boasted Fire;
(l) *SABRINA* thou'd for *PENIUS* flow,
And for her *PHŒBUS*, You Inspire.

Her Voice no longer wou'd dispute,
Which the kind Patriot to allow,
While you present the Golden Fruit,
THALIA, but the Empty Bough.

(e) See the Life of *Pomponius Atticus*; translated by Major *Pack*; to which is prefix'd an Ode by Mr. *N—b*. (f) *Dr. Young*. (g) His Last Day. (h) He dedicated his excellent Paraphrase on some Part of *Job* to the Lord Chancellor *Parker*.

(i) His Epistle to Mr. *Tickell* on the Death of Mr. *Addison*.

(k) A River in *North Wales*. (l) Rising from *Plinlimmon Hills* in *Montgomeryshire*.

Those beauteous Lawrels which we wear,
That after Death secure our Name,
Wou'd bloom and flourish truly Fair,
Giving us something more than Fame.

Then each forgotten *Gracian* Maid,
No more shou'd in our Numbers shine,
Cou'd we invoke and blefs your Aid,
The *BRITISH* Muses Kinder ^(m) *NINE*.

Say *RICHMOND* then, to nobler Strains,
Wilt thou excite our sounding Lyres,
(And Virtue never sure disdains,
Those Numbers which her self Inspires.)

If banish'd from each other Coast,
In Thine the Muses may be Free ;
Their Fancied Patriots nobly lost,
To find 'em real all in *THEE*.

While Smiles in ev'ry Eye Appear,
And Triumphs ev'ry Heart Employ,
Why shou'd the Honest Poet wear
The only Check without its Joy.

Why with becoming Tears oppress'd,
Does he in vain reveal his Moan,
Sooths the sad Care in every Breast,
Yet feels it waking in his own.

Thus the kind Sun with Heat Supplies,
With Vigor does the Earth Inspire,
But rowls himself along the Skies,
A beauteous Mass of barren Fire.

Cou'd he to ease his pleasing Toil,
A Rest within thy Mansions gain,
His *GREECE* wou'd seem a fruitless Soil,
His *TEMPLE* but a desert Plain.

Each Verse shou'd then record thy love,
(If yet in Verse to be confin'd)
'Till *HAMMOND* ceases to Improve,
And generous ⁽ⁿ⁾ *GOODE*, to blefs Mankind.

(m) The Number of the Governors, Assistants, and Treasurers of the Company.
(n) A Gentleman of the most Extensive and Exemplary Charity.

